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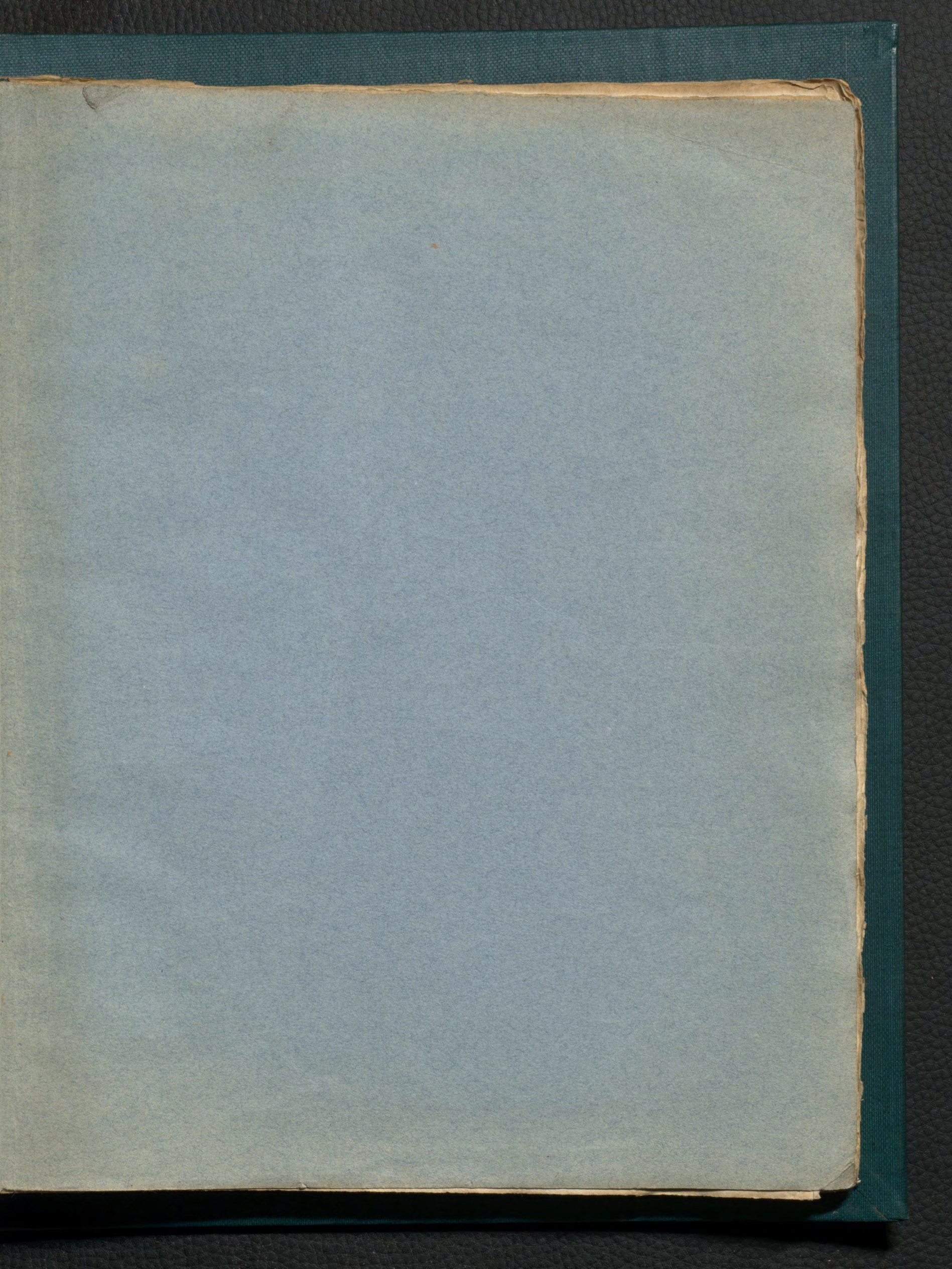
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#950-



The Boy
and
the Mantle





THE ANTIENT BALLAD
OF THE BOY AND
THE MANTLE

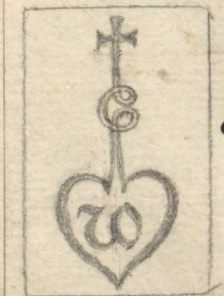
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THE OLD BALLAD
OF THE BOY AND
THE MANTLE



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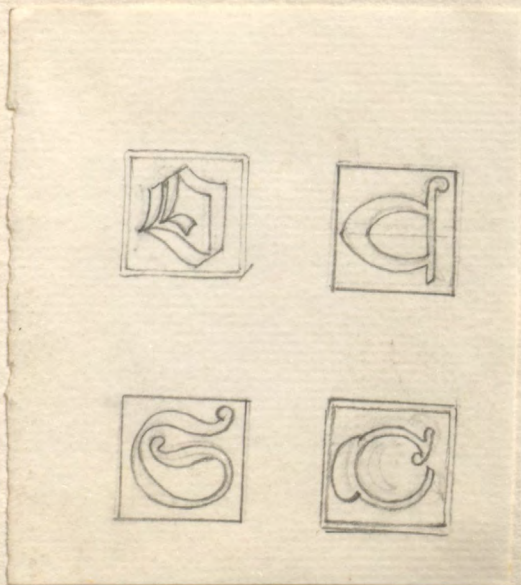
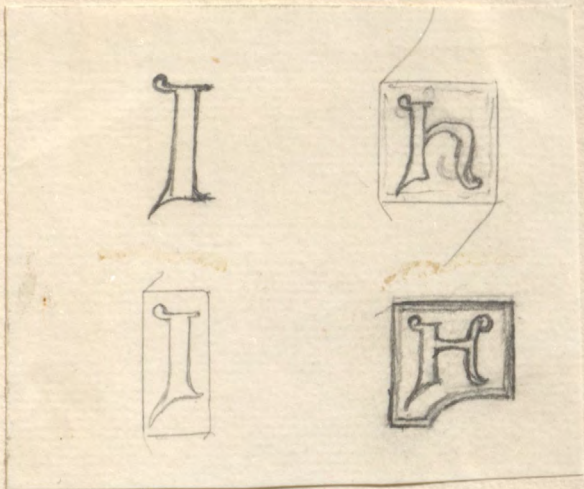
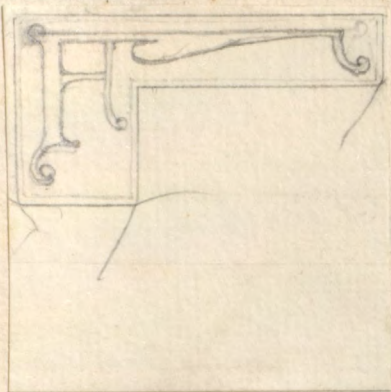
THE OLD BALLAD
OF THE BOY AND
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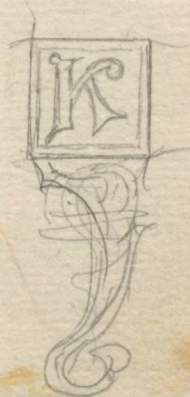
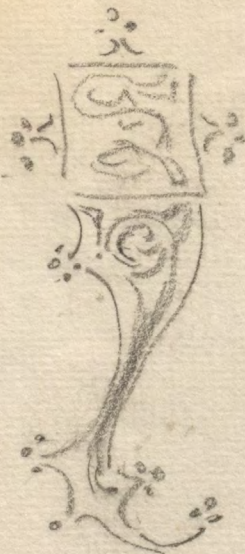
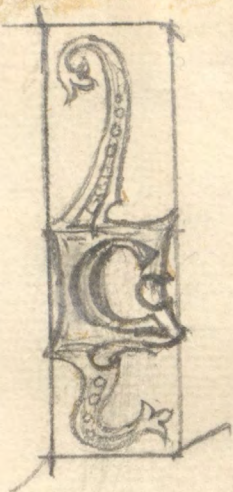


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Handwritten letters 'H' and 'K' in a Gothic script.

Handwritten letter 'H' in a Gothic script, enclosed in a rectangular frame.

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Handwritten letter 'P' in a Gothic script, enclosed in a rectangular frame.

Handwritten letter 'C' in a Gothic script, enclosed in a rectangular frame.

Handwritten letter 'Q' in a Gothic script, enclosed in a rectangular frame.

Handwritten letter 'C' in a Gothic script, enclosed in a rectangular frame.

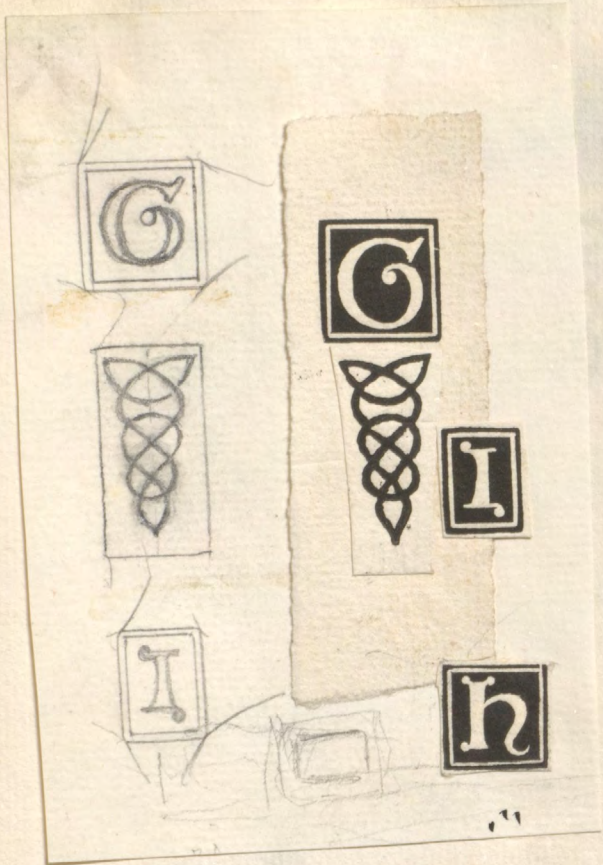
Handwritten letter 'W' in a Gothic script, enclosed in a rectangular frame.

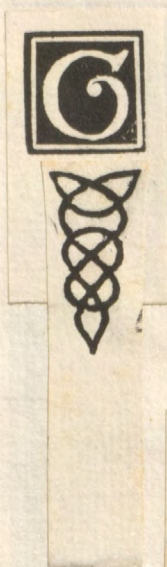
Handwritten letter 'S' in a Gothic script, enclosed in a rectangular frame.

Handwritten letter 'S' in a Gothic script, enclosed in a rectangular frame.

Handwritten letter 'C' in a Gothic script, enclosed in a rectangular frame.

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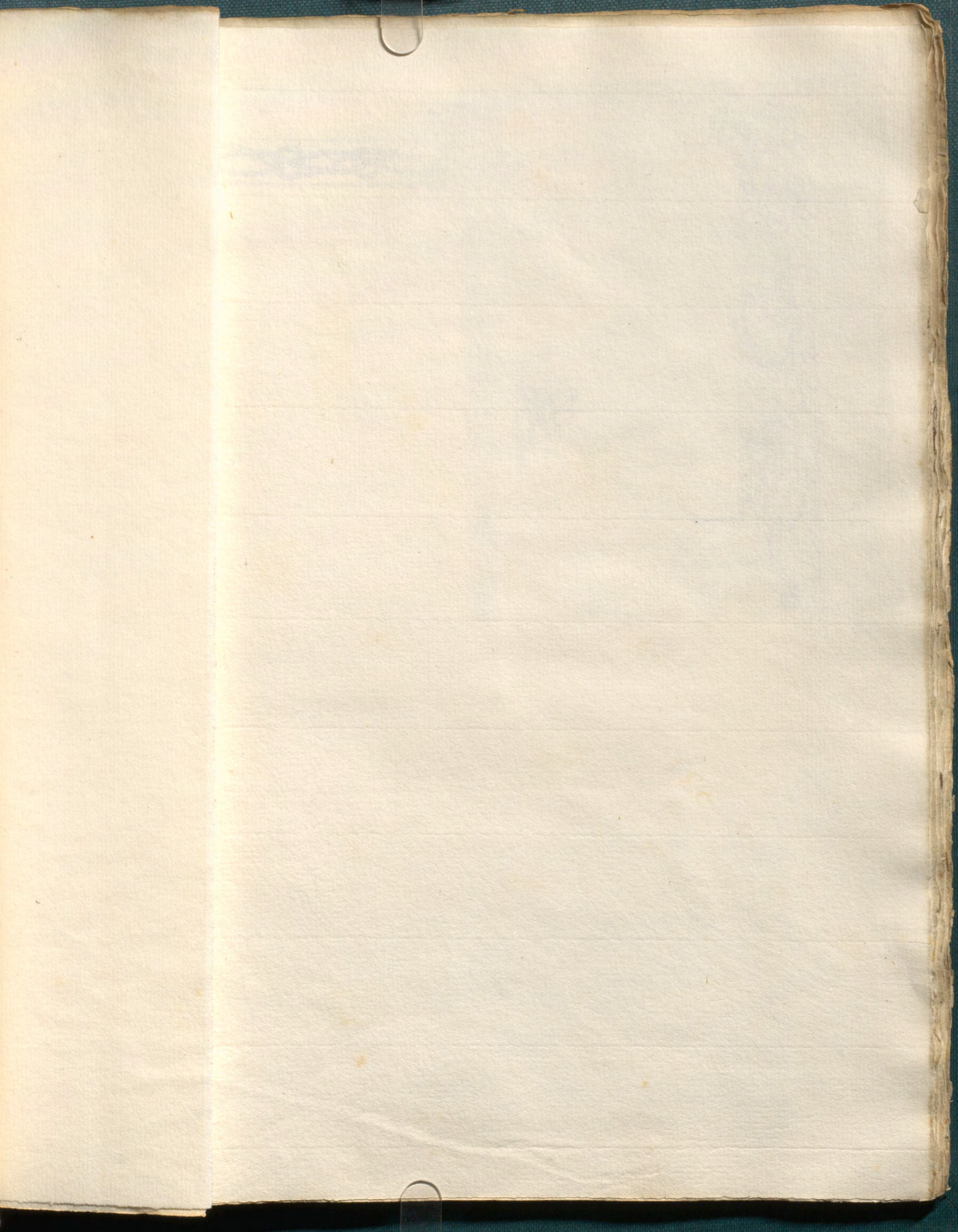
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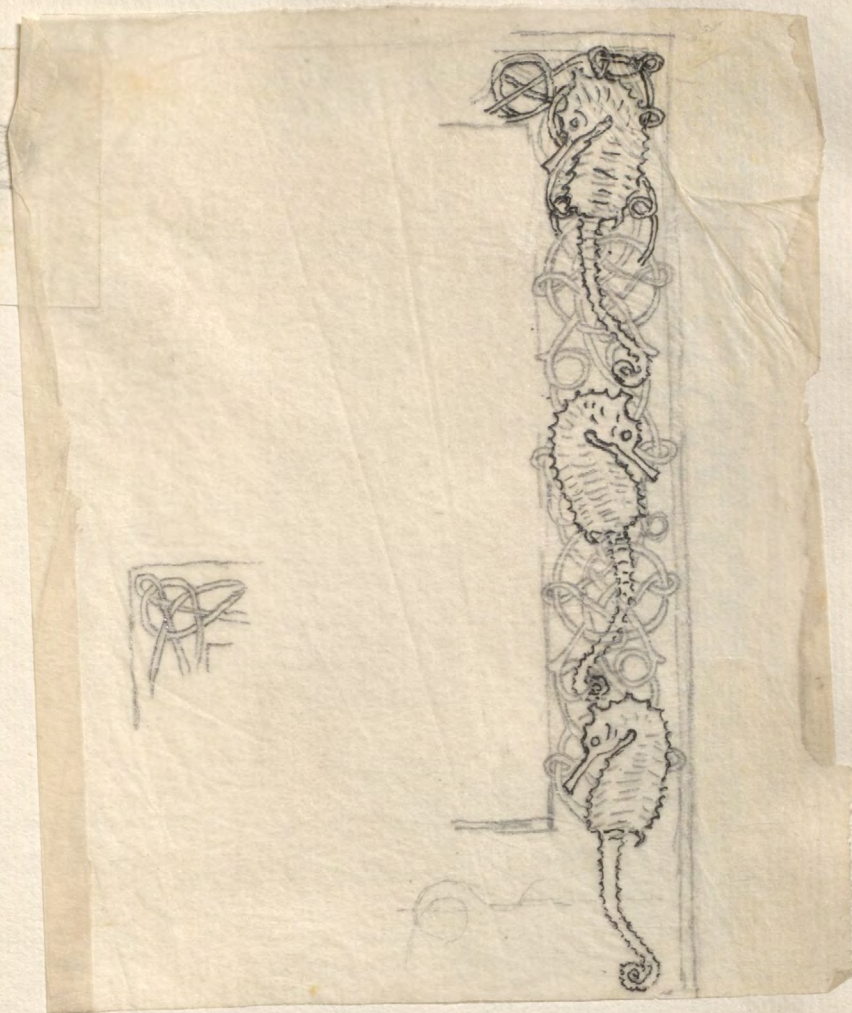
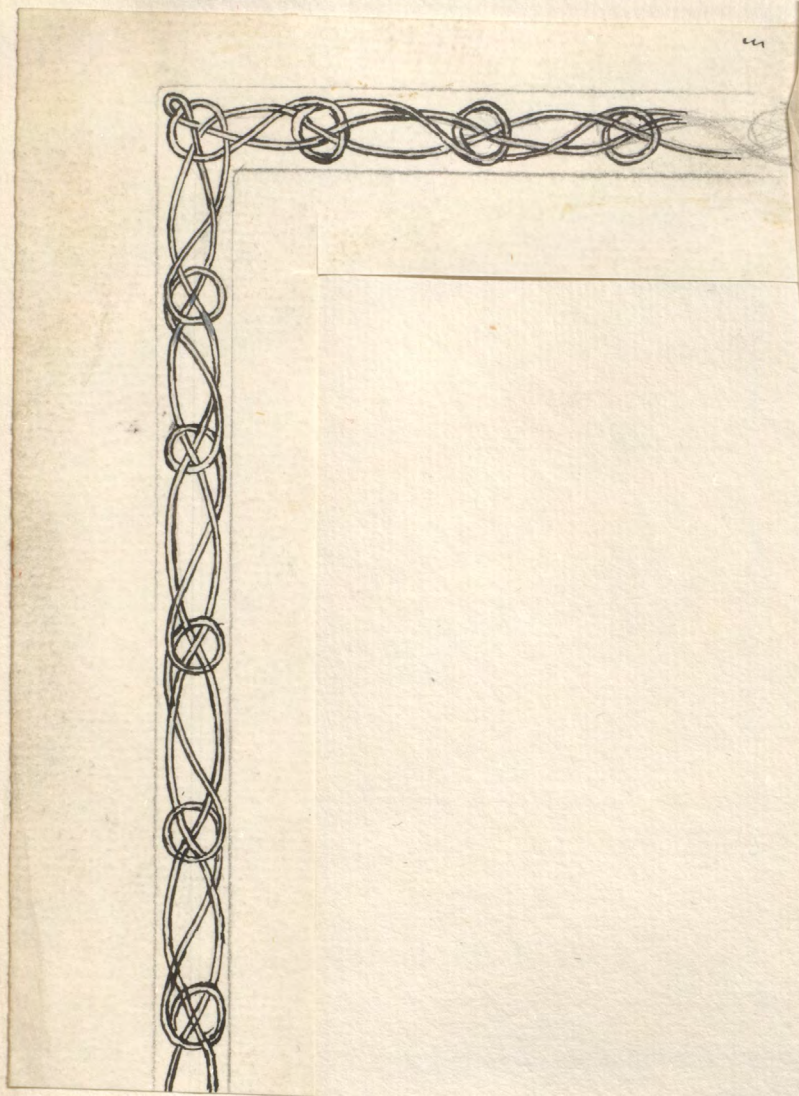
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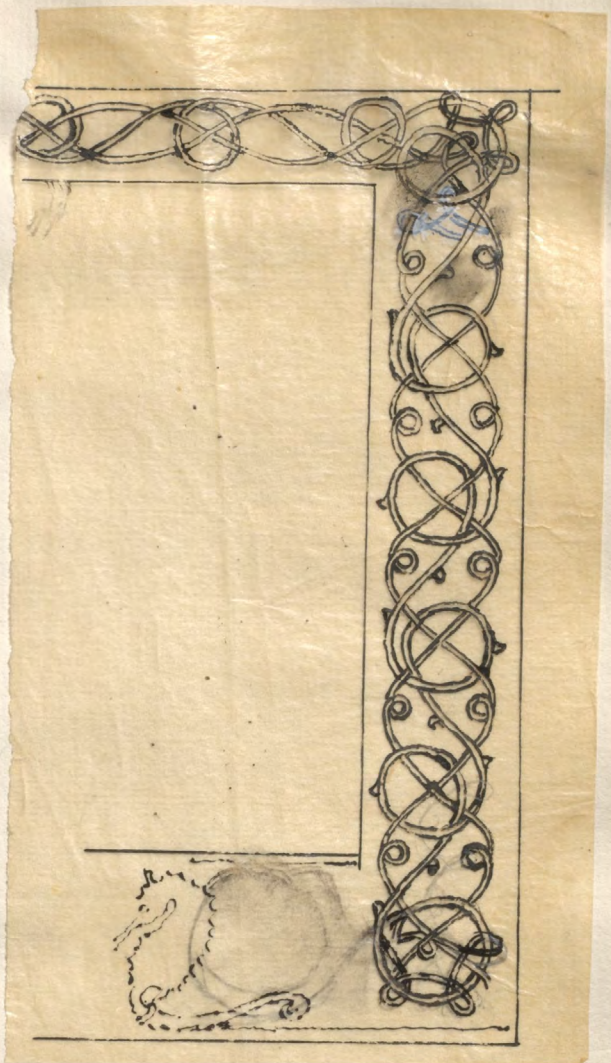
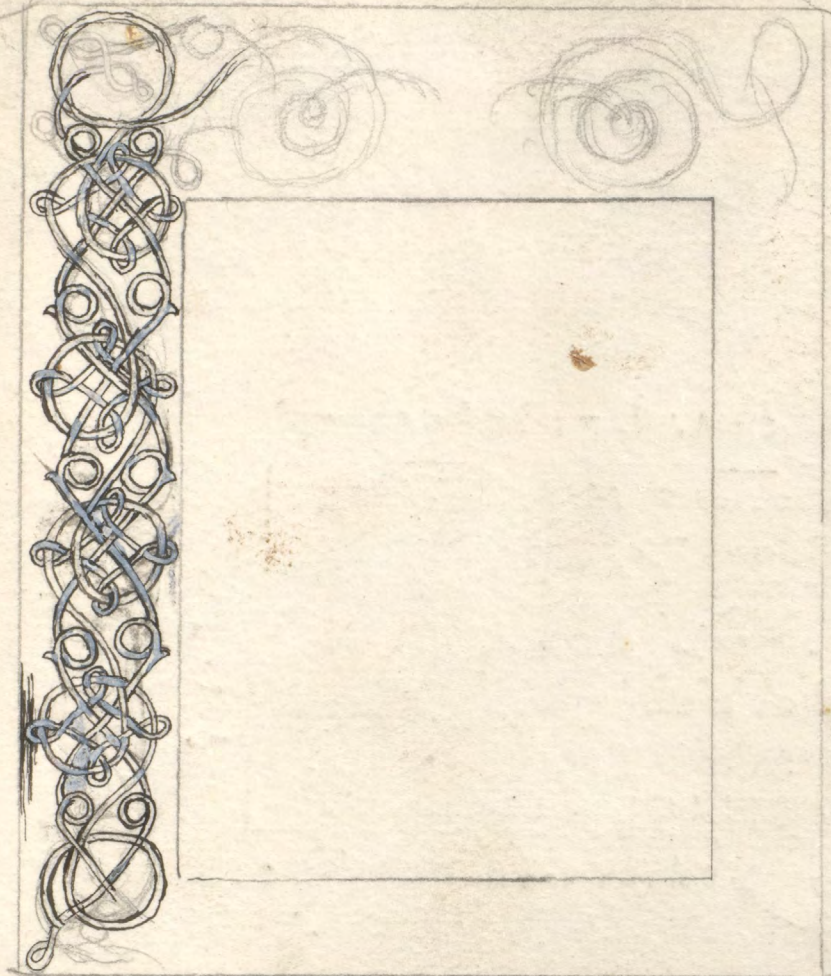
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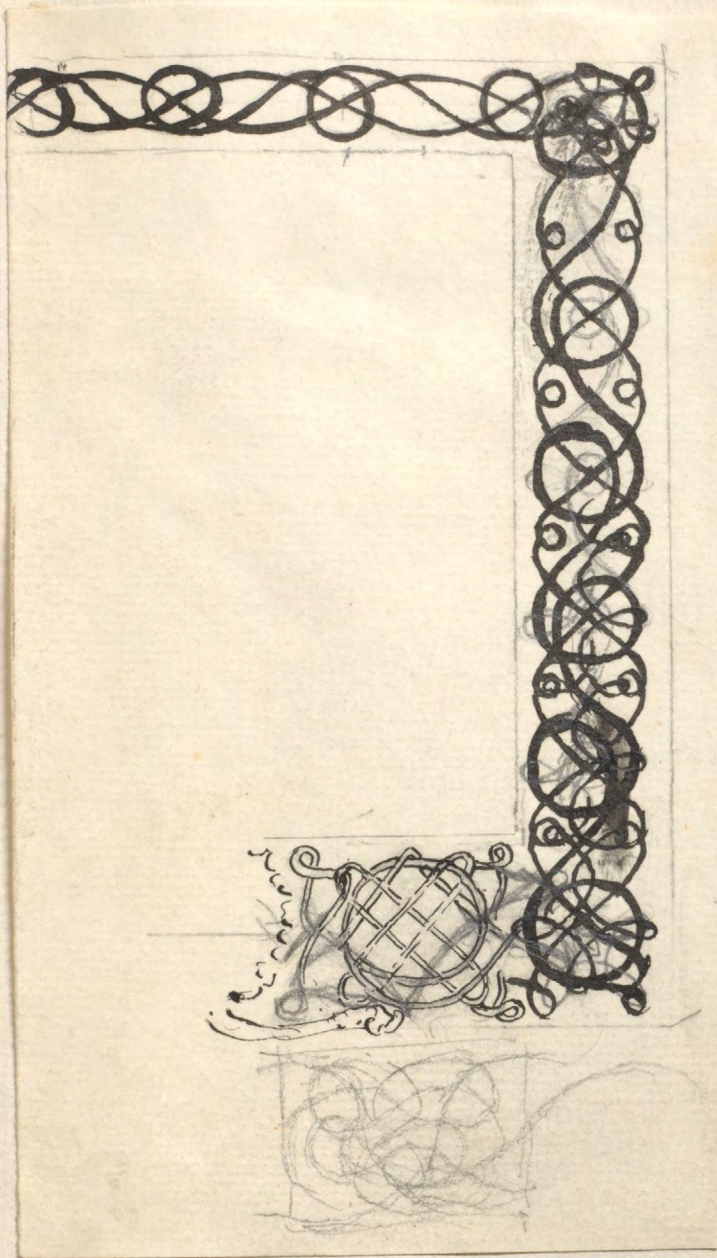
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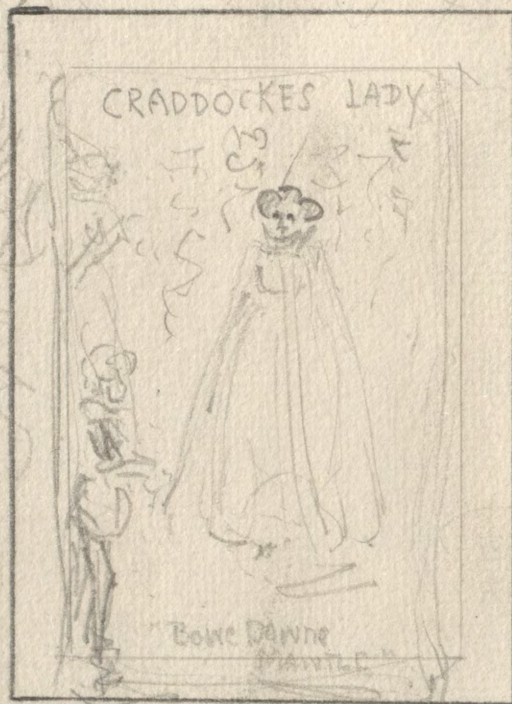
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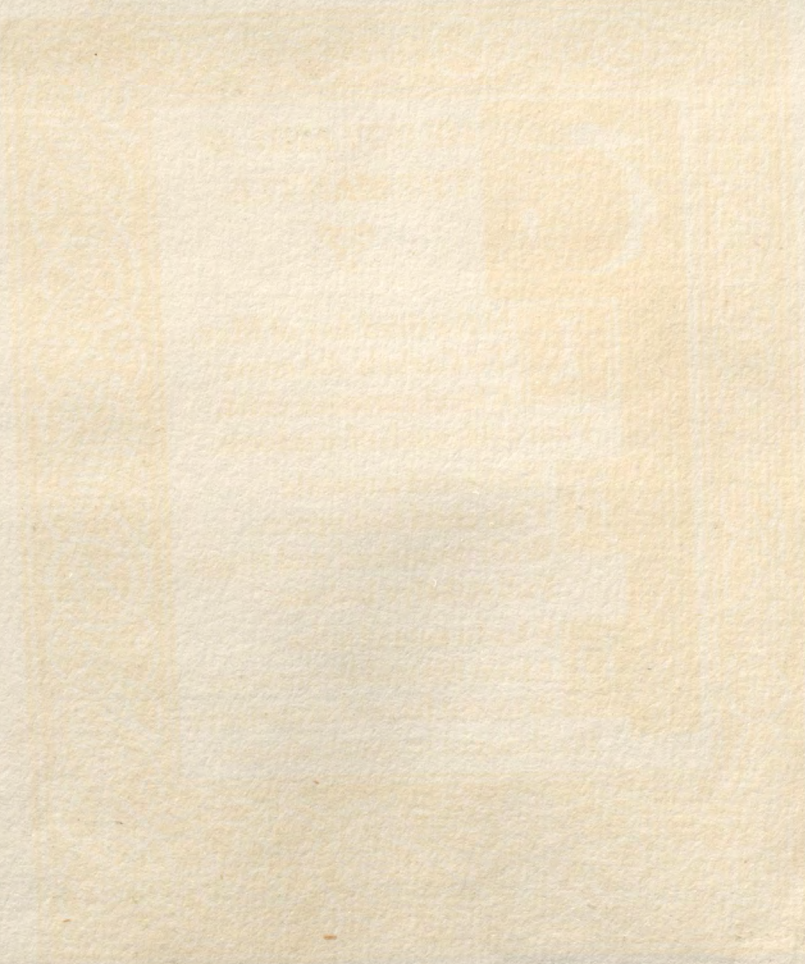
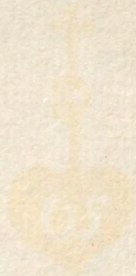


HE BOY AND
THE MANTLE.



N the third day of May,
To Carleile did come
A kind curteous child,
That cold much of wisdom.







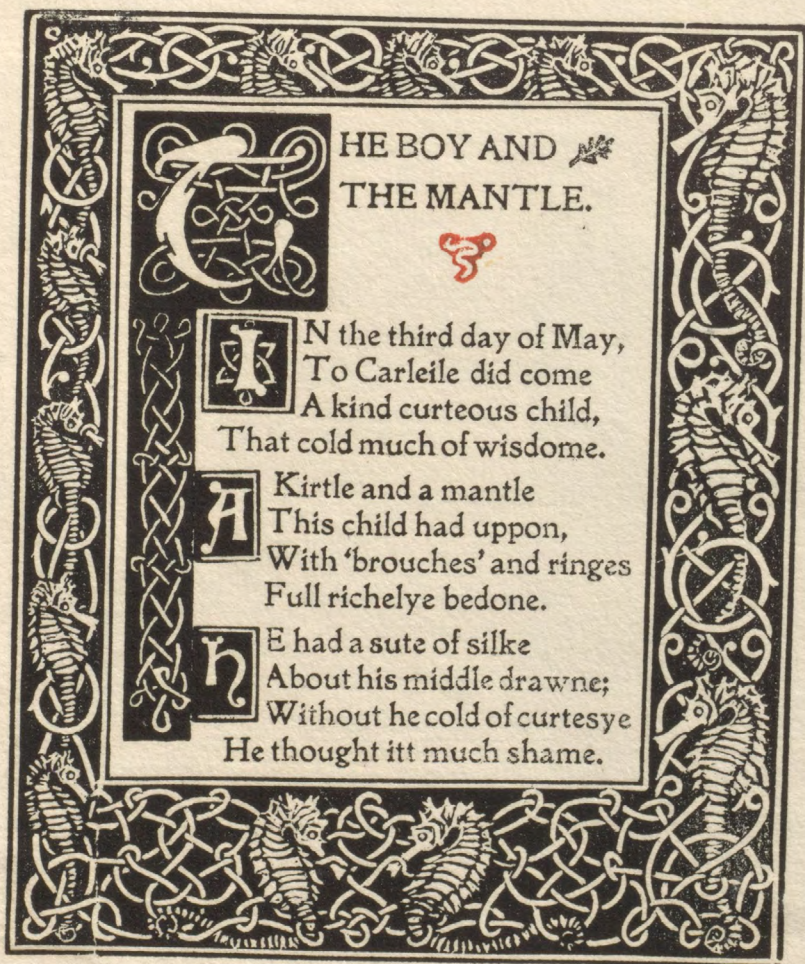
THE BOY AND THE MANTLE.



IN the third day of May,
To Carleile did come
A kind curteous child,
That cold much of wisdom.

Akirtle and a mantle
This child had uppon,
With 'brouches' and
ringes
Full richelye bedone.

HE had a sute of silke
About his middle drawne;
Without he cold of curtesye
He thought itt much shame.



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THE MANTLE

The third day of May
To Carolee and me
And our small



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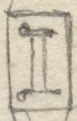
GOD speed thee, King Arthur,
Sitting at thy meat:
And the goodly Queene Guenever,
I cannot her forgett.



Tell you, lords, in this hall;
I hett you all to 'heede';
Except you be the more surer
Is you for to dread."

HE plucked out of his 'poterner',
And longer wold not dwell,
He pulled forth a pretty mantle,
Betweene two nut-shells.

HAVE thou here, King Arthur;
Have thou heere of mee:
Give itt to thy comely queene
Shapen as itt is alreadye.





AVE thou here, King Arthur;
Have thou heere of mee:
Give itt to thy comely queene
Shapen as itt is alreadye.



AVE thou here, King Arthur
Have thou here of me:
Give it to thy comely queen
Shapen as it is already.



AVE thou here, King Arthur;
Have thou heere of mee:
Give itt to thy comely queene
Shapen as itt is alreadye.



IT shall never become the wiffe,
That hath once done amisse."
Then every knight in the kings court
Began to care for 'his.'



ORTH came Dame Guenever;
To the mantle shee her 'hied;'
The ladye shee was newfangle,
But yett shee was affrayd.

a2

3



AVE thou here, King Arthur;
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a2

3

WHEN shee had taken the mantle;
She stoode as shee had beene madd:
It was from the top to the toe
As sheeres had itt shread.

One while was itt 'gule';
Another while was itt greene;
Another while was itt wadded
Ill itt did her beseeme.

Another while was it blacke
And bore the worst hue:
"By my troth,"
Quoth king Arthur,
"I think thou be not true."

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"I think thou be not true."

EE threw downe the mantle,
hat bright was of blee;
ast with a rudd redd,
o her chamber can shee flee.

e curst the weaver, and the walker,
at clothe that had wrought;
I bade a vengeance on his crowne;
at hither hath itt brought.

I had rather be in a wood,
Under a greene tree;
Than in King Arthurs cort
Shamed for to bee."

b

5

SHEE threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee;
Fast with a rudd redd,
To her chamber can shee flee.

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That clothe that had wrought;
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WHEN'shee had taken the man
She stode as shee had beene r
It was from the top to the toe:
As sheeres had itt shread.



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Another while was itt w
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Under a greene tree;
Than in King Arthurs court
Shamed for to bee."

b

5

KAY called forth his ladye,
And bade her come neere;
Saies, "Madam, and thou be guiltye,
I pray thee hold thee there.



FORTH came his ladye
Shortlye and anon;
Boldlye to the mantle
Then is shee gone.

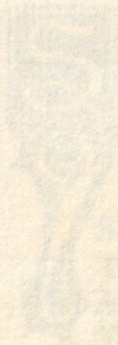


WHEN she had tane the mantle,
And cast it her about;
Then was shee bare
Before all the rout.

WHEN every knight,
That was in the Kings court,
Talked, laughed, and showted
Full oft at that sport.

SHEE threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee;
Fast with a red rudd,
To her chamber can shee flee.

FORTH came an old knight
Patterring ore a creede,
And he proffered to this litle boy
Twenty markes to his meede;



AND all the time of the Christmasse
Willinglye to ffeede;
For why this mantle might
Do his wiffe some need.

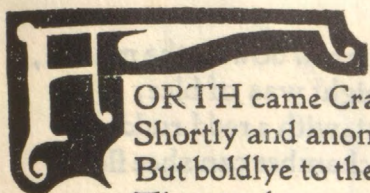
WHEN she had taken the mantle,
Of cloth that was made,
Shee had no more left on her,
But a tassell and a threed:

Then every knight in the kings court
Bade evill might she speede.

SHEE threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee;
And fast, with a redd rudd,
To her chamber can shee flee.

RADDOCKE called forth his ladye
And bade her come in
Saith, "Winne this mantle, ladye,
With a litle dinne.

Winne this mantle, ladye,
And it shall be thine,
If thou never did amisse
Since thou wast mine.



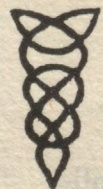
ORTH came Craddockes ladye
Shortly and anon;
But boldye to the mantle
Then is shee gone.



HEN shee had tane the mantle,
And cast it her about,
Upp att her great toe
It began to crinckle and crowt:
Shee said, "bowe downe, mantle,
And shame me not for nought.



NCE I did amisse,
I tell you certainlye,
When I kist Craddockes mouth
Under a greene tree;
When I kist Craddockes mouth
Before he married me."



HEN shee had her shreeven,
And her sines shee had tolde;
The mantle stoode about her
Right as shee wold:

SEEMELYE of coulour
Glittering like gold:
Then every knight in Arthurs court
Did her behold.

When spake dame Gueener
To Arthur our king;
"She hath tane yonder mantle
Not with right, but with wronge."

See you not yonder woman,
That maketh herself soe cleane
I have seene tane out of her bedd
Of men fiveteene;

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Glittering like gold:
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I have seene tane out of her bedd
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PRIESTS, clarkes, and wedded men
From her bedeene:
Yett shee taketh the mantle,
And maketh her self cleane."

Then spake the litle boy,
That kept the mantle in hold:
Sayes, "King, chasten thy wiffe,
Of her words shee is to bold:

SHEE is a bitch and a witch,
And a whore bold:
King, in thine owne hall
Thou art a cuckolde."

7
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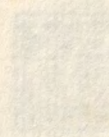
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When I first saw you
 I felt your carriage
 When I first saw you
 Under a green tree
 When I first saw you
 Before he married me



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THE litle boy stoode
Looking out a dore;
And there as he was lookinge
He was ware of a wyld bore.

HE was ware of a wylde bore,
Wold have werryed a man:
He pulld forth a wood kniffe,
Fast thither that he ran:

HE brought in the bores head,
And quitted him like a man.

HE brought in the bores head,
And was wonderous bold:
He said "there was never
A cuckolds kniffe carve itt that cold."

SOME rubbed their knives
Uppon a whetstone:
Some threw them under the table,
And said they had none.

King Arthur and the child
Stood looking upon them;
All their knives edges
Turned backe againe.

CRADDOCKE had a litle knive
Of iron and of steele;
He britled the bores head
Wonderous weele;
That every knight in the kings court
Had a morssell.

THE litle boy had a horne,
Of red gold that ronge:
He said "there was noe cuckolde
Shall drinke of my horne;
But he shold it sheede
Either behind or beforne."

SOME shedd on their shoulder,
And some on their knee;
He that cold not hit his mouthe,
Put it in his eye:
And he that was a cuckold
Every man might him see.

RADDOCKE wan the horne,
And the bores head:
His ladie wan the mantle
Unto her meede.
Everye such lovely ladye
God send her well to speede.



Caps.

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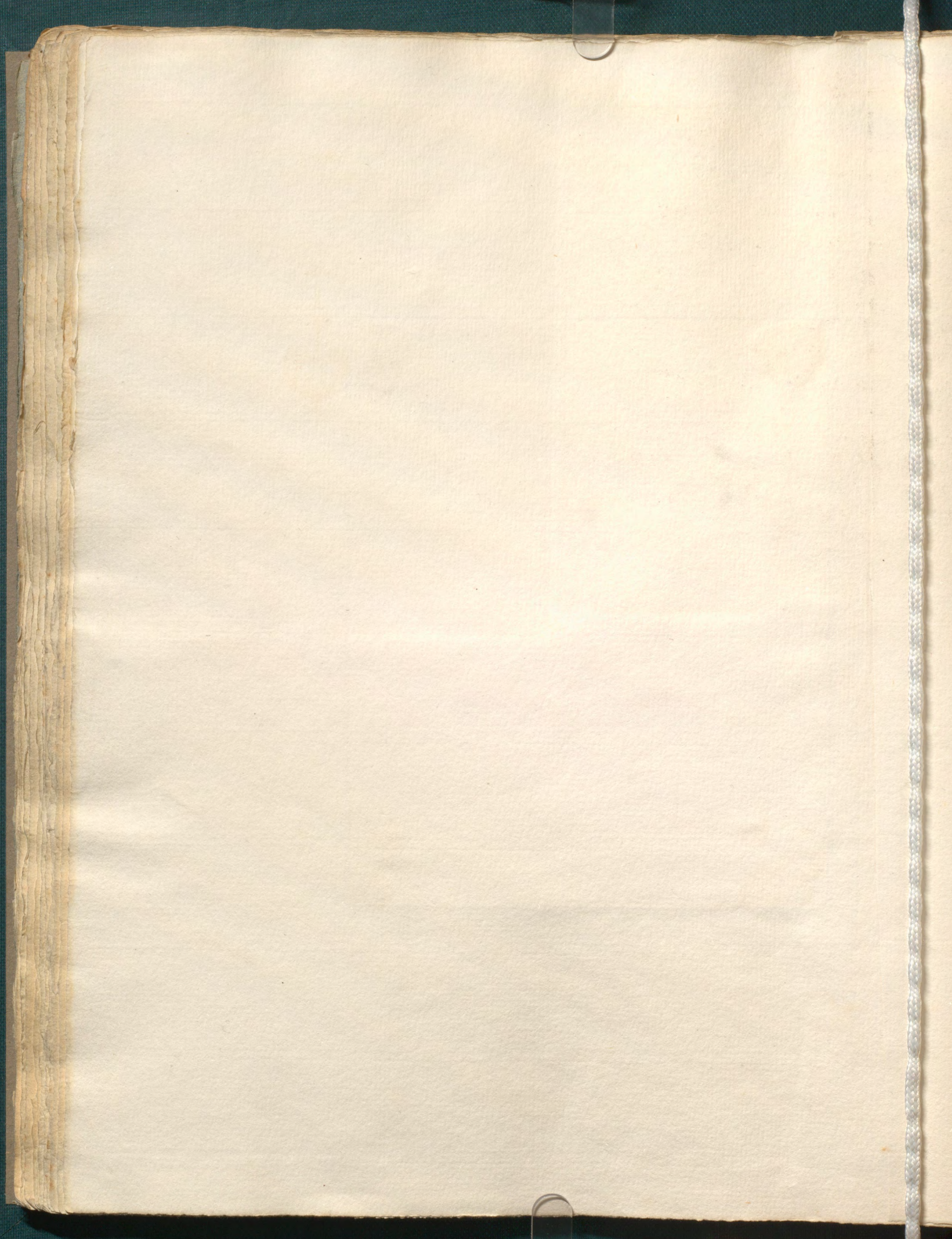
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The end of the ballad of
the Boy & the Mantle
from the text of
Bishop Percy. &
The ornaments designed
and cut on wood
and the whole printed
and bound by ^{W.D.} H. G. Webb
at Curador Bedford Park
Chiswick Finished
April ~~1900~~ in DCCCC.

THE END OF THE BALLAD
OF THE BOY AND THE
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AND
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AT CARADOC
BEDFORD PARK CHISWICK
FINISHED APRIL MDCCCC

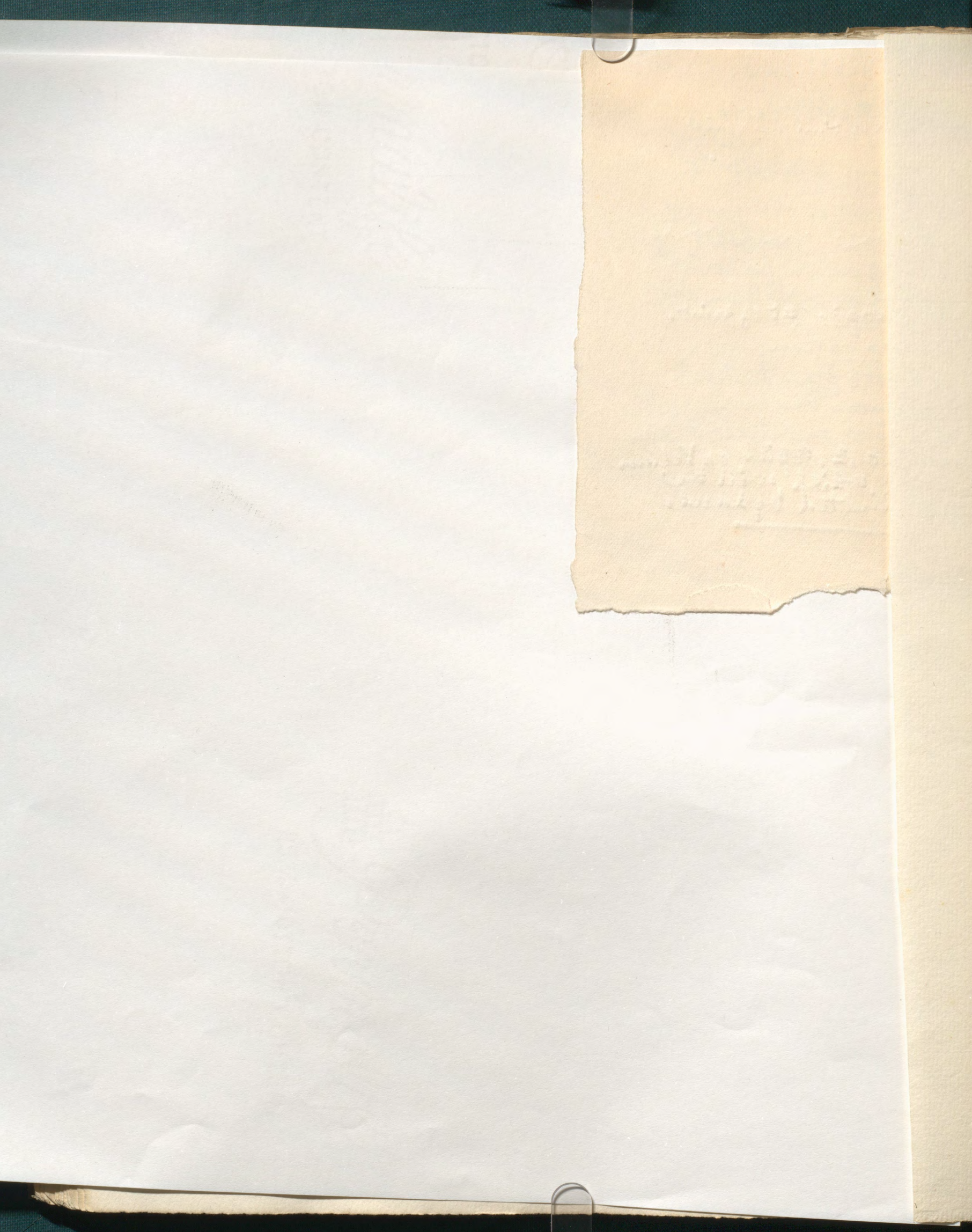


Books published.

KALENDAR. MDCCCXCIX.
^{A little book of time and verse}
Containing verses by H.D. Webb.
150. Copies. (out of print.)

THE OLD BALLAD OF THE BOY AND
THE MANTLE. ~~Published~~
300 Copies on paper @ 6/-
and 5. Copies on Vellum @ 25/-
Vellum copies out of print.

In preparation.
The Collects from the Book
of Common Prayer.
300. Copies on Kilmiscott paper
and about 12. copies on Vellum
some of which will be
illuminated by hand.



THE CARADOC PRESS

MAY
MDCCCC



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Books published

KALENDAR MDCCCC

"A little book of time and verse"
containing verses by H D Webb.
150 Copies. Out of print.

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BOY AND THE MANTLE

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ings. Vellum copies out of print.

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 and 5 copies on vellum at 25 cents.
 150 Vellum copies out of print.

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